

OCALA EVENING STAR

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Snow fell in Alabama Saturday.

If the Allies win, Israel will again take its place among the nations of the earth.

That proposition that the newspapers of Florida start a paper mill of their own is the most ridiculous one yet.

We have not seen many democratic campaign buttons this year. The most appropriate emblem would be a safety pin.

Two years ago Germany thought she knew all about war. Now she knows she only knew how to begin one.

The Silver Springs road is not perfect yet, but it is greatly improved. Scores of autos tested it Sunday afternoon.

Always look a gift horse in the mouth. If he has bad teeth, the dentist's bill may be more than the horse is worth.

Lord Derby, under secretary of the war office, is authority for the statement that the Allies intend to continue their offensive all winter.

The Lakeland Star is publishing a semi-annual cleaning up campaign proclamation, and the Ocala Star will take pleasure in making a similar publication for its town, if it is authorized to do so.

Few citizens of Florida will be more regretted than Col. S. C. Boylston, for many years assistant general passenger agent of the Seaboard Air Line, who died at the home of his sister in Athens, Ga., last week.

Ocala is a nice little town, but the weeds it wears makes it look like a new-made widow. Of course, a new-made widow is often very charming but we always feel sorry for her, just as we do for our charming little city.

It will be decided this week who will be the democratic nominee for governor. The Star intends to support the nominee, whether he be Knott or Catts. Do we hear all other democratic papers in the state say the same thing?

The Lakeland Morning Star is having such success that it finds itself obliged to publish a weekly. The Ocala Star also started as a daily, but in its second year had to begin publishing a weekly, which has been in great favor with the country people ever since.

The Star is informed that there is a move on foot to put the affairs of the public library in the hands of a committee of the city council and have them attended to as any other branch of the town government is managed. We think it would be the proper thing to do.

The Ocala Star says that Bat Lanier has given it some information that may come in handy in the Star's libel suit. If the Star has Bat Lanier for consulting attorney, Cash had better drop the libel suit and beg the Star's pardon right now.—Leesburg Commercial.

We have Bat's good will.

The expected happened to the Rumanians in Transylvania. Their large and well equipped but rather amateur army was met by a veteran force commanded by Falkenhayne, former German chief of staff, and badly defeated. However, the Germans could have found mighty good use for their forces on some other of their hard-pressed fronts, so the Allies are yet ahead on the Rumanian deal.

Noel Mitchell, independent candidate for governor, says with some reason his political enemies are persecuting him. At various places they have interrupted and tried to howl him down while he was speaking. Mr. Mitchell is a good citizen and has as much right to run for office and make speeches as anybody. When he is making a speech he never makes a remark that would be offensive to the hearing of a lady.

While you are considering setting the clocks an hour ahead, in order to gain that much daylight, you might consider the example of Germany. The Germans tried the plan a year and then resumed the regular time. If the plan would have worked well, it is exceedingly likely they would have stuck to it. The Star thinks people in this country will find it pays them best to observe standard time, and if they want more daylight to secure it by the simple method of rising sooner.

One of the impediments to raising fine hogs in Florida is the hog thief. We have the word of a citizen in an adjoining county, who has tried for years to establish a good hog ranch, which would have been a help to the whole community, that he had no suc-

cess because certain of his neighbors, white men at that, stole his hogs as fast as they became big enough to eat. It was no use to appeal to the authorities, the officers fearing to make arrests lest they lose some votes. Such a county is a drag on the rest of the state.

CATTIES SHOULD FEEL PROUD OF THEIR CANDIDATE

A few nights ago, while making a speech in Gainesville, Catts made a remark which it is generally conceded that no gentleman would make in the presence of ladies. There were a hundred or more ladies in the audience. The Star will not repeat Catts' remark. It is what is described as "the fighting epithet," the expression which seeks to dishonor a man by insulting his mother, and could not appear in this paper unless absolutely necessary in reporting the testimony in a case in court.

It is now the policy of the Catts papers, when their candidate makes one of his incendiary or indecent speeches, to declare either that he is misrepresented, or entirely lied about. There is no use, however, in denying that he made this remark in Gainesville, for not only did the Gainesville Sun, which was on the spot, report it, but several citizens of Gainesville, and one of Ocala, have told the Star they heard him.

Loyal, But Without Pride

"While we think enough of our word as a democrat to go to the polls and vote for the nominee for governor, whether it be Mr. Knott or Mr. Catts, we shall not be proud to do so if it compels us to cast that vote for the man who used the 'fighting epithet' on the public platform, in the presence of good women, at Gainesville. It is also not a matter of pride for the state that a man who can contend for the highest office in the land, either with success or with great near-success, so conducts himself in public that his own attorney feels called upon to apologize for him to the supreme court of the same state. We can never respect such lack of breeding, such lack of good manners, such lack of good judgment, even though they should be encompassed in the person of the governor of the state of Florida. We do not entertain in our own humble home men who so far forget themselves. Certainly the mansion at Tallahassee should be as exclusive as our cottage."

INTIMIDATING OFFICIALS

Every county officer in the state of Florida has received a copy of the following letter:

Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 30.

Dear Sir: We are writing you as one of the nominees of the democratic party in the primary of June 6, asking if you will communicate with this office, giving an idea as to political conditions in your county, particularly as it relates to the race race for governor and also to ascertain if we may expect your co-operation in securing the election of Hon. Sidney J. Catts, the democratic nominee.

Recent disclosures in the hearing before the supreme court must disgust every fair-minded man in the state. Mr. Catts was fairly nominated in the primary, and as such nominee should receive the support of every man in the state who stands for honesty and a square deal.

The fight which has been made against him as the nominee has entailed an expense unknown, perhaps, in the history of the state and Mr. Catts, being a poor man with no predatory or corporate interests behind him, has been forced to call on the rank and file of the party to assist, financially, in defending the certificate which he holds. This expense is really an obligation of the party, incurred in paying lawyers, traveling expenses, postage, stenographers, copies of court records, and numerous incidentals which come up in every campaign, and we are anxious to know to what extent we may depend on you and other good democrats of your county in helping us.

An early reply will be appreciated by yours very truly,
Catts Democratic Campaign Committee, per J. V. Burke, Manager.

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1917?

By
EDWIN BALMER

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(Continued from Yesterday)

CHAPTER XII.

God in the Hurricane.

NIGHT was coming down, close and clouded; the wind, which had been steadily raising, blew in uglier squalls. The radio, which flashed to the shore the news that the Americans had lost the Balch, but in return had damaged the Carthage and one Peru, brought back the weather warning in the navy code; a hurricane was on the way. The government had forbidden the publishing of the warning ashore, lest it be sent to the enemy's ships, too, but the barometer told the story. Rain was falling now—rain, driven almost horizontally by the gale and ceasing suddenly while lightning dared and forked over the sea and thunder tremendously rumbled.

About 8 o'clock Bob Wendell went to the wardroom for supper. Torpedo defense requires all gunnery officers to be on duty during firing; but, although torpedo attack by destroyers was still possible, the weather made it more and more improbable and the lightning was flashing so frequently as to illumine the sea for seconds at a time. Accordingly, officers and men were being sent, in small groups, to supper.

Bob sat beside Garry at the table it was the first time they had seen each other since the battle.

"Good shooting from number two turret, Bobby?"

"That was London! Garry, you should have seen him—especially after the Balch got it."

"I heard; his brother was boatswain—so he gave the Pera that last shot."

"By the way, did you see it? Where it hit, I meant."

Garry hesitated a moment. "Something funny about that; I'm crazy, of course—for we were out of range then—but I've an idea that shot hit, somehow. I didn't see any splash, but then if a shot's pretty short, it's easy to miss a splash."

"Not for you; some good spotting today, Garry. The men—well, they just felt it! A couple of the Carthage's thirteen-hits the Pennsylvania; of course you know."

"Oh, armor. No real damage, was there? We weren't missed by much a few times."

Then they talked of what was ahead of them. The Arizona and the Pennsylvania and the destroyers had not turned back to the roads; they were keeping on south and east. The officers spoke in low tones, and after the mess attendants had served them.

"The special god who looks after drunken men and fools has sent us this hurricane!" Garry ejaculated. "Look at the fix we were in—one division at New York, ours at Norfolk, the Delaware and North Dakota at Charleston, and most of the rest of our decent ships beating it up from Haiti and the gulf as fast as they can make it. Special Providence put a finger in that; too the ships we have to have were on the way when the Salem woke Washington up. But at that we were up against it till this wind came along. In any reasonable weather their aircraft would be scouting every-

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Snakes throw off their outer skin once a year. Humans being change their skin perhaps nine times in a year; that is, they have a new skin about once in six weeks.

The value of a clean skin in maintaining health is not properly understood by the majority of people. Cleanliness is a part of health. You can not be healthy unless you are clean not only externally, but also internally.

The blood should also be assisted occasionally, like the skin, in throwing off poisons so that the system may not get clogged and leave a weak spot for disease germs to enter. When the blood is clogged we suffer from what is commonly called a cold.

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where to find where we are—with their battle cruisers and perhaps a division of their Sargons they could have cut off any division of ours they wanted and stopped us from ever getting a fleet together."

"The Oklahoma and Nevada, with some more destroyers, are coming out. I suppose you know. They left the roads just at dark and will join us about midnight."

Garry nodded: "To try a little surprise party on the prince in the morning. . . . Going up again now?"

"No; I've next watch. I'm to sleep now."

"So'm I."

They went to their rooms together.

"Good luck!"

"Good luck!"

Wendell went to his room and closed the door. It was the first time since he had been in battle that he had been away from the observation of his fellows, alone. He stood for a moment dazed at the relax within himself, and for an instant he opposed it, then he sank down upon his bed and lay on his back staring up at the painted steel of his ceiling. He had fought in battle!

It could not have been the peril of it which had excited and exhausted him so; it could not have been, during the long hour, the imminence of obliteration. Except for the trying, waiting minutes of inaction after the submarine attacked, he had scarcely been conscious of reckoning his chances for life or death; something far mightier, more masterful and overwhelming, had absorbed him.

Besides, so far as danger went, he had been in terrible peril before—there was a time, on the side of the Matterhorn, when a snowstorm came and he and a companion and a guide had clung to an icy crack helpless for more than an hour, when a slip by any one of the three would have dragged all to death. Personal peril there had been as great and had lasted as long as this battle today; the danger of his ride with Jim after Ingouf, when the spy had turned to throw his bombs. When even greater, when Bob first boarded the Arizona in the afternoon, and the aeroplane dropped its explosives, he personally had been nearer obliteration than he had since.

But the battle! How was it so different from other dangers? Because while another was trying to kill him he also was trying to kill? That was not it; for, when Ingouf tried to kill him, he had killed Ingouf, and it was not like this. When the aeroplane had destroyed men beside him the guns from the ships were firing up at the plane, but neither was that like this. Those things were all petty—personal; that was it; everything before this had been personal, and battle—battle was not personal at all. Or it had not been personal till now—this moment when he was alone at last, shut in his room away from the rest, with Nellie's picture in the drawer of his desk.

He sat up and leaned over and opened the drawer and took out the picture and gazed down at it. The sight of her face—her lips which he had kissed so many times, her dear, soft eyes gazing straight into his, steadied him for the first seconds and then unnerved him. Women and children, some one had said, had been killed—torn to pieces, probably, and dismembered—when the Carthage and the Peras had shelled Ocean City and Virginia Beach to "draw the American ships out."

Well, the American ships had come out, and he had fought his turret and given them shells for the shells they had sent at Virginia Beach. A mast was down on the Peras; other shells must have hit; he must have killed some of the murderers aboard. But while he was squaring that score the regent's submarines were striking too. The Balch had gone down with all hands while the Arizona had had to steam by at full speed.

Little "Stubby" Derr, Bob had learned, had commanded the Balch. He was not in Bob's class, but Bob had got to know him pretty well when they both were on Chinese station together. Stubby was "a game little chap"; Bob remembered the Army-Navy football game in Stubby's last year, when—well, Bob knew just how Stubby spoke to his men and smiled at them when everything was done and there was nothing left to do but cheer the ship you saved, as it went by, and then go down with your own.

And Stubby, too, had been married; in his little steel walled cabin, now deep down under the water, he had his picture of his widow. Did she know it? "Destroyer Balch lost with all hands." That was a sentence of the message which had gone to the shore. When and how would it reach—her? Was there now a baby? Bob wondered. What had little Stubby Derr seen when, at the last moment, he was alone and need no longer smile at his men?

Bob got up and opened the door; it was choking close in there with the port closed and covered. He started as he saw some one standing without; it was Garry Starnes at the door of his room. Garry, too, had found it close and stifling; his collar was loose, and he had taken off his coat but, like Bob, he had not further undressed.

"It's hot," Bob said to him simply.

"Awful!"

The friends faced each other an instant fairly. The same thought was in the hearts of both, and they both knew it. Neither would say it to the other, nor would either deny it as their eyes met. What they had seen happen to Stubby Derr was soon to come to them; when the great battle was joined, only the luckiest of chances could save either of them. The end might come before the great battle, of course; it might come tonight, at any moment.

Garry stepped back into his room; Bob returned to his and put out the light. He lay on his bed, trying now to sleep, but quite unable to. There were a thousand things which he had meant to say to Nellie, and none of which he had said. He sat up once and started to find the light to write to her, then he lay down again. Those were not the sort of things one could write; she would not understand them seeing them sprawled on a sheet of paper; he wanted her to know that if he did not come back she should marry again, that he would prefer that; he wanted her to know . . . His mind would not stay on that.



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was 'on' and, you see, sir, my brother was boatswain of the Balch."

"That was right, London."

"It's no use now; no use."

Bob went to sleep.

A few minutes before midnight he was roused; he buttoned his collar, got into his coat and shoes. The rolling of the ship, the impact of the water outside his port, the crashing thunder told that the storm was severe again; he seized his raincoat and hurried to his watch above. Ross, whom he relieved, pointed to him the positions of the other ships; in addition to the great bulk of the Pennsylvania, showing in green silhouette as the lightning flashed, there were two other great dreadnaughts and half a dozen new destroyers; the Oklahoma and the Nevada had come up.

Except for the dim glows reflecting directly down upon the water to show their positions to the other ships of the squadron, the great vessels steamed without lights; only now and then as a lightning flash seemed to show something moving over the waves, a destroyer turned a searchlight through the blackness about; and once, at an alarm which brought all men aboard the battleships running to torpedo defense stations, a gun clattered from the Arizona and Bob saw the streaks of the shells as the "tracer" lights flared on the backs of the projectiles traveling toward the target. Simultaneously the searchlights showed a destroyer streaking toward the squadron. Fifty guns spat at it; the blackness was streaked by the flares of the "tracer" lights and the destroyer tried to escape. But while the searchlights still showed it a shell struck a torpedo board, and before the Arizona reached the spot the enemy's ship was gone.

"That squares for the Balch!" Bob said to himself when the firing had ceased, but as he repeated it he grew more tense when the lightning again gave him sight of the sea, and through out the American ships every officer and man remained at torpedo defense stations. Had the enemy destroyer

(Continued on Last Page)

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